

## A Place of My Own

by BlackLemon03

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Summary: Kageyama didn't care that he happened to pass by a jumper on his way home. It wasn't his problem and the guy probably had a good enough reason to do it. But he didn't expect the suicidal idiot to be so dumb to jump in the wrong direction, crashing both of them onto the cold, steeled floor of the bridge. "You're supposed to jump forwards, dumbass!"

## A Place of My Own

Prologue: Hinata Shouyou

"Uwaaaaah~ Yummy!" the child loudly exclaimed as he took another bite of the newly cooked taiyaki, earning a few turned heads of curious bystanders. He, in turn, slightly bowed and smiled sheepishly, a bit embarrassed at the attention he unintentionally gathered.\_

His companion, an adult who he shares identical gentle dark-orange eyes but whose were filled with fatigue, chuckled in amusement. "Be careful Sho-chan, you might get burned if you eat too fast." His father reminded him, still holding his son's little mittened hand from when they bought the treat at a street cart.\_

"Un, I will." He responded, his words muffled by the pastry in his mouth.\_

The night was cold and both were fitted in suitable clothing as the days of winter require. They were dressed in matching blue jackets, a bargain sale last Father's Day that they decided to get, and some old scarves wrapped snugly around their necks. The child, Sho, was wearing an added black beanie on his head, covering his bright orange hair with a few unrestrained strands popping out.\_

The pair walked in comfortable silence as Sho finished the rest of fish-shaped bread, relishing in the flavor of the chocolate filling. He hoped his dad would buy him another one tomorrow but the days he

could spend time with him were as few as it could get. His dad after all would leave before him early in the morning and arrive exhausted late at night, only having time for a bath, dinner and a few hours of sleep. When he asked him why one day that he had come home before Sho fell asleep, he gave him a small, tired smile and answered, "I need to", then proceeded to tuck him into bed.\_

\_He understood what his dad had said a few days later when his homeroom teacher talked about family and- what was the big word? Respon-responsibility? He thinks that was it. She said that it was their parents' responsibility to take care of them, their children. The father would work and earn money for their food, clothes and his children's toys while the mother would stay at home to clean, cook and play with them. She also said that this was the usual case but it was normal for some mothers to work too.\_

\_He understood that his dad had to work for both of them to live. On the other hand, he didn't know what mothers were like. His dad said he had one but she was at a faraway place where it was really hard to get to or for her to come to them and they left it at that. He showed him her pictures though. Sho had to admit his mother was really, really pretty. Even prettier than all of the girls in his class. He remembered telling it to one who thought she was the prettiest and that didn't end well.\_

\_"Sho-chan?"\_

\_"Y-Yes?" His nickname being called brought him out of his thinking. He turned to his left and saw confusion etched in his dad's face with an added worried gaze directed at him. "What is it dad?"\_

\_His father's features relaxed a bit but his eyes still held concern when he finally answered. "I was calling you for a while now and you didn't answer. Is there something wrong?"\_

\_"Ah! I was just thinking how delicious the taiyaki was! Sorry." Sho rushed to tell his excuse, proud that he didn't stutter when he said it. His dad told him that he often stutters whenever he's excited, nervous or scared so this was definitely an improvement for him. He felt restless lying to his dad but even more so if he actually told him what he was pondering about. Finishing with a shaky grin, he just hopes his dad would buy it.\_

\_Sho got uneasy though when his dad's look turned doubtful but breathed a silent sigh of relief when the gaze previously aimed at him spun forward to focus on happily walking through the bridge. "Phew. That was close."\_

\_"Huh. We're at the bridge already? How long was thinking?" he mutely questioned himself, slightly scolding himself too while he was at it. "Ugh. We barely spend time with each other and I spend half of it stuck in my head. Why don't I think as much like this in class?"\_

\_Sho shivered as a particular chilly breeze swept over him. He suddenly wondered why it wasn't snowing yet as it was his favorite part of this freezing season. He loved playing in white and fluffy snow. Izumi, Koji and he would lie on the ground and make snow angels and then build snowmen and snow forts for their snowball fights. Just thinking about it made him more eager.\_

\_"We better get home soon huh?" his dad looked back at him, feeling his son tremble through their linked limbs. And as much as Sho wanted to disagree, the ever growing colder night quickly frosted his argument.\_

\_"Un." He sniffed his short reply, saddened by the fact that his rare bonding time with his father was close to ending just as their journey across this bridge will. Then he pondered "Why do we always take the bridge home anyways? Koji said that there was a waaaaay faster path from school. Maybe I should ask-". His musing was interrupted by a cold feather lightly touching his nose and then continued falling without a care to the bridge's floor close to his sneakers.\_

\_Sho felt another shiver but of a different reason-excitement then promptly shot his head upwards then his sides, the grin he was wearing getting bigger and wider by the second until it could grow no more. "D-Dad! It's snowing! Ahhhh! It's really snowing!" He practically beamed at his dad, his voice raising a few notches with eagerness.\_

\_His father was unsurprised. He knew his son absolutely adored snow and he would endlessly chatter everything he did involving it when he could. It was his son's innocent expression that makes him feel that this was worth all that he did. He smiled widely at Sho, his eyes turning into curved slits. "Well, would you look at that? It really is. It must be your lucky day, Sho-chan."\_

\_"It is! It is!" Sho enthusiastically replied, still fixated at the sky crying pillows of white feathers that seemingly levitate over the city before landing and building up on its flooring.\_

\_"I think this call for a celebration, don't you Sho-chan? How about some meat buns for dinner? Those ones you like to eat a lot?" His father suggested, wanting his son to be even happier if that was even possible.\_

\_"R-Really?! From the Foothill Store?!" Apparently it could happen as Sho became as radiant as the sun hearing the heavenly proposal his father has uttered. He couldn't believe it. This was the luckiest day of his life; the taiyaki, the time spent with his dad, the unexpected snowing and to top it off his favorite food as dinner. Please tell me this isn't a dream.\_

\_His father heartily laughed, patting his son's beanie covered fiery orange tresses, which shine in comparison to his own dull black, with his free hand. "The one and only. We should hurry or they'll close on us."\_

\_"Waaaah! We need to hurry Dad! Come on, come on!" Sho all but dragged his dad through the remaining path of the bridge and down the slightly slippery steps. His mind was already full of thoughts of tasty meat buns, his question pushed to corner forgotten.\_

\_"Ah! Wait a mi- Sho-chan! Ah! D-Don't run! We'll s-slip!"\_

\_"You're so slow, Dad! Fasteeeeer!"\_

He calmly woke from his nostalgic dream, his dark-orange eyes

blinking rapidly trying to shake off his remaining sleepiness. Dreams about his dad would always leave him with a pleasant and serene feeling. He felt the sheets soft and warm under his lean fingers as he gradually moved into a sitting position. He loudly yawned, ruffling his messy brilliant-orange hair. In his daze, he tried to find the clock he knew he had nailed on the wall somewhere. He saw a blurry outline of the orange timepiece and rubbed his stubborn drooping eyes enough to clear his vision.

He aimed his gaze back to the clock and quietly muttered the time it read. "Mhm. 7:40â€¦ Only 7:40â€¦ Way too earlyâ€¦ 20 minutes leftâ€¦ Should sleep moreâ€¦" And with that, he flopped back onto his bed, cuddling his pillow close and ready to drift into dreamland once again, mumbling 20 minutes left under his breath.

When his mind finally clicked, his eyes abruptly opened and fear occupied the pits of his stomach. "20 minutes leftâ€¦ I have 20 minutes leftâ€¦ I ONLY HAVE 20 MINUTES LEFT! AHHH!" Screaming at his current predicament, the fiery headed youth literally jumped out of his sheets rushing to get ready in the limited time he kept uttering just seconds ago.

He skipped bathing, mentally patting himself on the back for having that bath last night. There also wouldn't even be time for a proper breakfast so he settled for a piece of stale bread, an overripe banana and his usual quick glass of milk. He started drinking the refreshing beverage believing in its supposedly height-enhancing abilities. So far, it wasn't working for him, AT ALL. He was still too short for his age, standing at 162 cm tall (or should that be 162 cm short?) at the age of 15. He should really stop spending his hard-earned money on the lying bastard but he had taken a liking to its taste on the way.

He dressed as fast as he could, not forgetting to put on his blue jacket and an old scarf snug around his neck. He took his keys, wallet and phone and put them in his black and orange sling bag. He dashed out the front door and locked his small apartment. He didn't even have time to use the stairs so he climbed over the railing and jumped from the 2nd floor towards his parked bike, stumbling a bit but managing to land on his feet. It was better than the times he fell flat on his face after touching the ground.

"Oh, Kami-sama! Shouyou! You have to stop doing that or I'll have a heart attack!" The old landlady exclaimed, clutching her chest. She was just about to finish sweeping the front yard when his lively tenant decided to jump from the 2nd floor of the building. But she should be really used to it. The youth would do this almost every day and she didn't have the heart to harshly reprimand him. But at this rate, maybe her heart won't beat long enough for her to build the confidence to do so.

"I'm sorry Grandma Yaketora! I'm just really late today! I'll make it up to you on Sunday, I promise!" With that said he hopped on his bike and hurriedly pedaled his way out of the gate and to the main roads.

"Really, that childâ€¦" Yaketora smiled. She was sure he'd live up to that promise. He made sure to help her clean the slightly rundown apartment complex his late son left with her every Sunday. Maybe she should cook him dinner tonight. Before Shouyou could completely be

out of hearing range, she yelled "Take care of yourself!"

"Un, I will!" Shouyou looked back and happily replied but quickly turned his head forward when his landlady instructed him to keep his eyes on the road. He glanced at his watch, whose pointed hands read 7:50, and panicked. "UWAAA! T-Ten minutes! Come on legs, don't fail me now!" He started to pedal at an almost inhumane speed. His normal travel time took 30 minutes minimum but he was sure if he took that shortcut he discovered months back, he could shorten it to 20. He'd have to travel through a few bumpy alleyways but it was worth it if he could cut his time by a third. He just hoped the old man buys his excuse of helping a pregnant woman cross the street this time.

Shouyou shivered as a particular chilly breeze swept over him. He wondered why it wasn't snowing yet and hoped it would soon. He felt a familiar cold touch on his nose and looked up at the sky, grinning. "Looks like it's my lucky day, huh Dad?"

\* \* \*

><p>So here it is. The KageHina fic that was bugging me to write it. This was inspired by Himawari Souya's manga Ohisama no Tamago. The story on Volume 6 ^^ After reading it, I immediately thought of those two. I decided to post this in as well as AO3. My account name there is iliveformyfandoms :)<p>

I'll try my best to keep all of them in character! Please do leave in a comment or a message if I'm making them too OOC or any grammar mistakes I may commit. It's been years since I last wrote a fic and honestly it's KageHina which drove me into writing again. :) I wanted to contribute to the ever growing community of KageHina shippers so I dedicate this work to you guys. 3

I'm actually undecided if I should make a prologue for Kageyama as well or what POV I will write the actual chapters. I want to do Kage's POV just like Himawari-sensei did with Ikki but I enjoyed writing Hinata and his way of thinking. I hope I'll be able to decide by next week. If you have any suggestions as well, don't be shy :)

Please let me learn more as a write! Thank you.

End  
file.